mortifying miſchiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I haue cauſe, and ſmile at no mans ieſts, eate when I haue ſtomack, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſſe, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

*Con.* Yea but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this till you may do it without controllment, you haue of late ſtoode out againſt your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take true root, but by the faire weather that you make your ſelf, it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your owne harueſt.

*Iohn* I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denied but I am a plain dealing villaine, I am truſted with a muſſel, and enfraunchiſde with a clogge, therfore I haue decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth I would bite: if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeeke not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no vſe of your diſcontent?

*Iohn* I make all vſe of it, for I vſe it only,
Who comes here? what newes Borachio?

*Enter Borachio.*

*Bor.* I came yonder from a great ſupper, the prince your brother is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended mariage.

*Iohn* Will it ſerue for any model to build miſchiefe on? what is he for a foole that betrothes himſelfe to vnquietneſſe?

*Bor.* Mary it is your bothers right hand.

*Iohn* Who, the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

*Bor.* Euen he.

*Iohn* A proper ſquier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

*Bor.* Mary one Hero the daughter and heire of Leonato.

*Iohn* A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

*Bor.*



*Bor* Being entertain'd fo
muſty roome, comes me
hand in ſad conference: I wh
heard it agreed vpon, that
himſelfe, and hauing obtai
dio.

*Iohn* Come, come, let vs t
diſpleaſure, that yong ſtart
throw: if I can croſſe him an
you are both ſure, and wil af

*Conr.* To the death my L

*Iohn* Let vs to the great ſu
that I am ſubdued, would th
go proue whats to be done?

*Bor.* Weele wait vpon yo

*Enter Leonato his brother,*
*Beatrice his ne*

*Leonato* Was not counte
*brother* I ſaw him not.

*Beatrice* How tartely that
him but I am heart-burn'd a

*Hero* He is of a very mela

*Beatrice* He were an exce
the mid-way between him an
image and ſaies nothing, and
ſonne, euermore tatling.

*Leonato* Then halfe ſignio
Iohns mouth, and halfe Cou
Benedickes face.

*Beatrice* With a good legg
money inough in his purſe, ſu
man in the world if a could ge

*Leonato* By my troth neece
band, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of t

*brother* Infaith ſhees too cu

*Beatrice* Too curſt is mo